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The Redbreast

London

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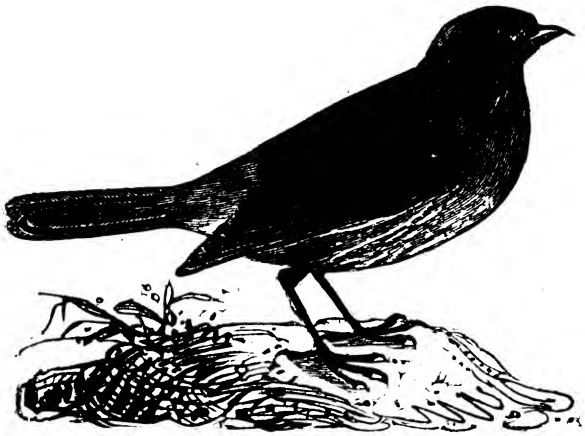
THE

REDBREAST.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF FAVORITE SONGS.



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Umbrella courtship
Very identical flute
Whate'er my lot in life may be
When Cavaliers shall bear the sway

LONDON:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. S. JOHNSON, 60, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, CHARING CROSS.

THE REDBREAST.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF FAVORITE SONGS.

White PN 970 .E5 RFDBx

THE REDBREAST.

UPBRAID ME NOT!

Upbraid me not! I little heed
The bitter words you speak;
The worst reproach that you can use
Is on that faded cheek!
And though a threat would fail to rouse
My feelings or my fears,
This heart is touched by your despair,
And trembles at your tears.

How well do I remember you,
In all your spring of youth,
Believing each fair word and smile
Arose from simple truth.
Upbraid me not! the false one scorns
The threatened doom he hears.
This heart is touched by your despair,
And trembles at your tears.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Very Identical Flute.

You've heard of great wonders so if you'll bestow,
A little attention and listen to me,
And when you have seen what I'm going to show ye,
You'll say that you have got but another to see,
'Tis a rare piece of music of wonderful powers,
It will tame down a savage, a beast, or a brute,
And cure all bad tempers, to sweets turn your sours,
And this is the very identical flute.
Rum ti tum too tooty, &c.

This is the flute, yes, & all who have heard it,
Have never ceased dancing for more than a week,
Mr. Handel before any music prefer'd it,
In fact, to be short, it can do all but speak
It can play all the fash'nable tunes you must know, sirs,
Bishop nor Balfe never had such repute
It's quite put the stunners on all the composers,
And this is the very identical flute.

One benefit night at the Surrey theatre,
I play'd on my flute for the good of a friend
But the music it sounded so very like nature,
I thought into high strikes the people 'twould send,
I was forced for to cut it a dozen bars shorter,
For the tears from the gallery and boxes did shoot,
The pit I should say was a foot deep in water
And all through my very identical flute.

Inspite of Musard, this or that foreign malice
On a clever musician her Majesty doats,
So Vicky she ordered me down to the palace
And she gave me gold and I gave her notes
The moment I struck up, it play'd so enchanting,
Her Majesty jump'd from her throne, and her suit,
With twenty fat beefeaters, all began dancing
And this is the very identical flute,

Once to a battle I went out as fifer,
The sounds of the last dying groans to decrease,
Out of reach of the cannon I stood like a cypher,
But the tones of my flute turn'd the war into peace,
The soldiers were fighting away and bombarding,
But the moment I play'd—it's a fact don't dispute,
They all dropped their guns and began gallopading,
And this is the very identical flute.

Respecting this flute, p'rhaps you'll think it a fable,
But I'm one of those people who never could boast,
Yet if I was to blow it as hard as I'm able,
T'would send all the kit of you deaf as a post.
It is wonderful really to what lengths it can go—
I could tell you a hist'ry, but now it do'nt suit;
Why, it would make a cat dance the Irish fandango,
And this is the very identical flute.

The king of the Kraffree & Silligo islands,
Sent over for me & my flute ye must know
To tame the wild beasts—but it's rather a shy land,
And good folks are scarce, so I don't choose to go,
I've a dozen young hopefuls, but they shall earn guineas,
Before I'm a dead'un I'll make them all cute;
I'll warrant I turn 'em out young Paganinnis
At least on my very identical Flute.

The Donkey Steed.

Bill Knight is on his moke again,
To fight long Joe he's going,
Poor Sarah's at the stable gate,
And fast her tears are flowing,
Well may she bawl, for he might fall,
The moke he's never tried her,
Speed, O speed, my donkey steed,
Come up with a trump of a rider,

And after many hours you know,
She hears, the mill is o'er
And leaves the lonely crib awhile,
And meets with long Bill's brother;
Says he, Now come I'll stand some rum,
And then drop down beside yer,
O speed, O speed my donkey steed,
Flare up with a trump of a rider.

She hears a lot of lushy chaps,
Who swore they lost their money,
When on the hill they saw the mill,
But with long mugs look'd funny;
Then Sall cries out He's lost the fight,
Her mother falls down beside her,
When she saw the donkey steed,
Flaring up without a rider.

My Wife's Dead.

My wife's dead:
There let her lie;
She's at rest
And so am I.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Hints to emigrants.

Tune—" I should like to Marry !"

What swarms of discontented folks
  Every where there be,
Who leave their father land to seek
  A home beyond the sea.
Now birds of passage, high and low,
  The bulky and the little—
Take my advice, and then you'll soon
  Be suited to a tittle.

But you who mean to stay at home,
  I'd have you understand
That these are hints to emigrants,
  Who leave their native land.

The Brewers should to Malt-a go,
  The Fools to Rocks of Scilly—
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles,
  And Furriers all to Chilli.
While little squalling brats,
  Who nightly break out rest,
Should be pack'd off to Baby-lon,
  To Lap-land, or to Brest.
                But you, &c.

Musicians hasten to the Sound,
  There while the Miser waits
His passage to the Guinea coast,
  Spendthrifts are in the Straits.
Spinsters should to the Needles hie
    (eye),
  Wine bibbers to Burgundy,
Gourmands may lunch at Sandwich
    Isles,
  Wags poke their fun at Fun-dy.
                But you, &c.
Cooks from Spit-head should go to
    Greece,
  All Mendicants to Rome (roam),
And let the race of Hypocrites
  At Cant-on find a home.
Lovers should to the Cape Good Hope
  To some Cape Horn's a shocker—
Debtors decamp to O-hi-o,
  Bookbinders to Morocco.
                But you, &c.
Let Zealots go to Zealand,
  And Minors to Minor-ca,
Gin tiplers to (Max) Mexico,
  Land Captains to Major-ca.
Dull Misanthropes to No Man's Land
  Should quickly haste away,
Fat Aldermen to Hungary,
  The Poor to Table Bay.
                But you, &c.

Seek Batchelors the United States,
  And Maids the Isle of Man,
The Gardeners should to Botany go,
  And Shoeblacks to Japan.
The Quarrelsome in Ire-land
  Will find their proper level,
Let Barbers cut off to the Poles,
  And Lawyers to the Devil.
Thus emigrate, then mis-plac'd men
  Would here no longer flout us—
And those who're not provided for
  May strive to do without us.

The Swiss girl.

[Music—at Jullien and Co's.]

Oh, hear me pretty Swiss,
  Come roam my love with me:
Where grandeur shines, and wealth can
    make
  A paradise for thee.
" No, no, I love the mountain rills,
  These barren cliffs, and forests green;
More dear to me the flower-clad hills,
  The valley where my cot is seen."
But come with me and you shall share
  A palace bright and fair.
" No, no, no! the merry Swiss girl,
  Contented here to stay,
Cares not for wealth and honours,
  While she sings her mountain lay.
    La la hi hi la hu li hi, la hi la hi
      ho, &c."
Oh! hear me pretty Swiss,—
    " La la hi li ha la hi ho."

That simple wreath of flow'rs,
  Oh! carelessly throw by;
And thou shalt wear a diamond crown
  More dazzling to the eye,
" No, no, that crown is not so bright,
  As yonder glorious sun I see,
That bathes in gold each tow'ring height,
  And wakes each morn new joy in
    me!"
But here thy charms unseen will fade;
Oh, fly with me, sweet maid.
" No, no, no! the merry Swiss girl,
  Contented here to stay,
Thinks not of youth or beauty,
  As she sings her mountain lay.
                La la hi hi, &c."

My palace shall be thine,
  Its woods and bowers around;
And thou shalt reign the queen o'er all,
  With love and pleasure crown'd.
' No, no, I'd rather reign and live
  In those dear hearts from childhood
    known,
Than aught accept that thou canst give,
  Or be a queen upon thy throne."
My heart and hand I'll give with pride,
Oh, say thou'lt be my bride!
I' No, no! the merry Swiss girl,
  Contented here to stay,
Is ever free and happy,
  As she sings her mountain lay.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Merry Gipsy Band.

List to the lay of a gipsy band,
Merrily roaming from land to land,
Free as the lark's fleet wings above,
Fearing no hate, nor courting love,
We borrow from all, yet none we owe,
Laughing at law, where'er we go—
The fattest deer in park or wood,
Of knight or peer supplies us food,
Our drink's the best, though contraband,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The townsman may boast that one home hath he,
But we have a hundred all rent free,
Nothing we pay for coal or clothes,
Yet we've a fire where hedge wood grows—
The rich man's larder hath not better fare,
Dainties of brook of earth, and air,
In our abodes we do not writhe,
Beneath a load of tax or tithe,
No care in head, no coin in hand,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

The wealthy may boast of their stately halls,
Streaming lights from pictured walls,
Of moulded ceilings gilded domes,
Flowered carpets o'er their rooms
But we are rich as they below (aloof,)
The grass our floor, the sky our roof,
The bonny rays of yonder moon,
Can match the blaze of their gay saloon—
We've healthier cheeks, although they're tann'd,
Then shout for the merry gipsy band.

My Father's Home.

There is a bright and peaceful dell
From which I would not roam,
That sunny spot, where I would dwell,
Was once my father's home.
I've rang'd afar in foreign lands,
I've wandered o'er the sea,
And now I come, dear native home
To live in peace with thee.

I'll sit beneath the oak-tree's shade
And think of days gone by,
And mark the changes time hath made,
Yet heave no fretful sigh
I'll look upon life's brightest side,
And ever grateful be,
That, after years of hopes and fears,
I rest, dear home, with thee.

Mariner's Grave.

I remember the night, was stormy and wet,
And dismally dashed the dark wave,
While the rain and the sleet,
Dark and heavily beat,
On the mariner's new dug-grave.

I remember 'twas down in a darksome dale,
And near to a dreary cave,
Where the wild winds wail,
Round the wanderer pale.
That I first saw the mariner's grave.

I remember how slowly the bearers trod,
And how sad was the look that they gave
As they rested their load
Near its last abode,
And gazed on the mariner's grave.
I remember no sound did the silence break,
As the corpse to the earth they gave,
Save the night-bird's shriek,
And the coffin's creak,
As it sunk in the mariner's grave.

I remember a tear that slowly slid
Down the cheek of a mess mate brave;
It fell on the lid,
And soon was hid,
For closed was the mariner's grave.
Now o'er his lone bed the briar creeps,
And the wild flowers mournfully wave,
And the willow weeps,
And the moon-beam sleeps,
On the mariner's silent grave.

Old Willow Brook.

When the red sun has sunk o'er the valley afar,
And the bird and the bee to their slumber are gone.
When the moon, like an empress enthron'd in her car,
And in radiance arrayed comes smilingly on—
Then come o'er the green, nor fear to be seen,
For a fairy they'd deem thee who on thee may look,
I'll wait for thy coming—thou know'st where I mean—
A the tree, by the stile, near the old willow brook,
Then come o'er, &c.

When the traveller has quitted the roadside inn-door,
And the village boy feareth behind him to gaze;
When the ploughman is plodding his way o'er the moor,
To his cottage afar, where the taper light plays,—
Then come like a bird, and breathe not a word,
Nor stay at thyself in the bright lake to look;
I have something to say which alone must be heard,
At the tree, by the stile, near the old willow brook.
Then come like, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Ship on Fire.

The storm o'er the ocean flew furious and fast
And the waves rose in foam at the voice of the blast,
And heavily laboured the gale beaten ship,
Like a stout-hearted swimmer, the spray at his lip;
And dark was the sky o'er the mariner's path,
Except when the lightning illumed it in wrath.
A young mother knelt in the cabin below,
And pressing her babe to her bosom of snow,
She prayed to her God, 'mid the hurricane wild,
Oh! Father have mercy look down on my child!

It pass'd—the fierce whirlwind careered on its way,
And the ship, like an arrow, divided the spray;
The sails glimmered white in the beams of the moon,
And the breeze up aloft seemed to whistle a tune,
There was joy in the ship, as she furrowed the foam,
For fond hearts within her were dreaming of home,
The young mother press'd her fond babe to her breast,
And sang a sweet song as she rocked it to rest;
And the husband sat cheerily down by her side
And looked with delight on the face of his bride,
Oh, happy, said he, when our roaming is o'er,
We'll dwell in our cottage that stands by the shore,
All ready in fancy its roof I descry,
And the smoke of its hearth curling up to the sky,
Its gardens so green, and its vine covered wall,
And kind friends awaiting to welcome us all,
And the children that sport by the old oaken tree,
Ah gently the ship glided over the Sea.

Hark! what was that? hark, hark to the shout,
Fire! fire! then a tramp; then a rout,
And an uproar of voices arose in the air,
And the mother knelt down, and the half-uttered prayer,
That she offered to God. in her agony wild,
Was 'Father, have mercy look down on my child,'
She flew to her husband she clung to his side,
Oh, there was her refuge, whate'er might betide.

Fire! fire! it was raging above and below,
And the cheeks of the sailors grew pale at the sight,
And their eyes glistened wild in the glare o. the light,
'Twas vain o'er the ravage the waters to drip,
The pitiless flame was the lord of the ship,
And the smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and higher,
Oh, God! it is fearful to perish by fire,
Alone with destruction, alone on the sea,
Great Father of Mercy, our hope is in Thee

Sad at heart and resigned, yet undaunted and brave,
They lowered the boat—a mere speck on the wave:
First entered the mother, enfolding her child
It knew she caressed it, looked upwards and smiled,
Cold, cold was the night as they drifted away,
And mistily dawned o'er the pathway the day,
And they prayed for the light, and at noon-tide about,
The sun o'er the waters shone joyously out,
Ho a sail! ho a sail! cried a man on the lee!
Ho a sail! and they turned their glad eyes on the sea.
They see us, they see us, the signal is waved,
They bear down upon us, thank God we're all saved!

Down among the Dead Men.

Here's a health to the Queen, and a lasting peace
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found,
And may confusion still pursue,
The senseless woman-hating crew,
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie!

In making Bacchus' joy, I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

May love and wine their rights maintain,
And their united pleasures reign,
While Bacchus' treasure crown the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Philip the falconer.

[Music—at Duff and Hodgson's.]

Young Philip, the falconer's up with the day,
With his merlin on his arm,
And down the mill meadows has taken his way,
To hawk; and pray, where's the harm?
Philip is stalwart, and Phillip is young,
And Philip, they say, has a musical tongue;
The miller's young sister is fresh and is fair,
And Phillip he always is hawking there;
He vows and declares, believe it or not,
There is not in the kingdom, for herns, such a spot;
And falcons, they say, to fly true to their prey,
Should be trained in the morning early.
The miller's to market, to buy him some corn,
For work it should ne'er stand still,
A maiden is loitering under the thorn,
In the meadow below the mill;
And Philip, grown tired of a bachelor's life,
Thinks the miller's young sister would make a good wife;
And so comes a whisper, and so comes a smile,
And then a long leave-takeing over the stile.
Oh! when he returns from market, I guess,
The miller will find he's a sister the less;
For maidens, they say, do not always say nay,
When they're asked in the morning early.

Returniny from a foreign shore.

Returning from a foreign shore
To all I love the best,
Upon my native land once more
My feet contented rest.
Ah! none can tell but those who roam,
Or all the feelings prize,
When first a long forsaken home
Breaks on the truant eyes.

'Twas here my childhood's days were past,
'Twas here my youthful heart
Throbb'd with its first love and its last—
Though faded since to part.
I would not give, of this fair land,
Did all belong to me,
The little spot on which I stand
For kingdoms o'er the sea.

The scarlet flower.

She's gentle as the zephyr,
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lily
In nature's soft retreat.
Her eyes are like the crystal brook
As bright and clear to see,
Her lips outshine the scarlet flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

Oh, where my love a blossom,
When summer skies depart,
I'd plant her in my bosom,
Her garden, here, my heart;
And oft I'd kiss her balmy lips,
So beautiful to see,
That far outshines the scarlet flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

Might I be King o' Scotland's throne,
And a' the world beside
Right glad I'd give my crown to her,
That lovely maid, my bride;
The gate of heaven is at her lip,
Denied, alas! to me—
That lip which shames the scarlet flower
Of bonny Ellersile.

There is a form.

There is a form that haunts my sleep,
A face that fills my dreams,
Bright eyes that o'er me watching keep,
But cease when morning beams,
At morn my bosom lonely feels,
My waking heart must pine,
For slumber's power alone reveals
That guardian face,—'tis thine.

There is a name, the live-long day,
That lingers on my tongue;
A voice that in my ear will stay,
With freshness ever young.
And oft that name hath murmur'd been,
When slumb'ring I recline;
The form and face my dreams have seen;
That voice and name—are thine.

Amid the songsters of the grove.

Amid the songsters of the grove
He hath the sweetest voice,
Whose thrilling lay is taught by love
To cheer his feather'd choice.

Amid the glittering stars on high,
The one that shines most bright
Is love's own star, that gems the sky
With heaven's purest light.

When Summer gaily decks the earth,
The sweetest flower that blows
(A blushing emblem of its birth)
Is love's own flower—the rose.

The gardener's calendar.

A woman's like a garden, and when
love I make,
The gardener's calendar I always
take.
The rules are full of right and reason,
And I find 'em by no means never
out of season.
What a very many things in a book
about the garden,
If you want to make love, you ever
will see!

January's first; and when a lass you've
found,
And for cultivating her heart you
think of your ground,
Watch her with care, do your axing
to she,
And tell her her husbandman you
wish to be.
What a very, &c.

In Febuary, then, so this here wolume
declares,
You will find is the month for graft-
ing pears,
Now form your plots, have spade and
barrow in,
Dig away at her heart, and then begin
your harrowing.
What a very, &c.

In March and April rather warmer's
the skies,
And love, like a tater takes root at
the eyes;
Though woman in her April may shed
tears like fun,
Never mind, you soon may have a
little sun.
What a very, &c.

The next month comes in gaudy array
Though 'twas 'musn't' before, now it
is all 'May.'
Now, of your thyme strict care be
taking,
And don't do no hoeing, and leave off
raking.
What a very, &c.

At June and July I take a glance
cursory.
Now turn your thoughts unto the
nursery,
And for very tender annuals now
prepare,
And to the live stock show unkimmon
care.
What a very, &c.

At August and September the pages
I lift.
Study your wife's heartsease, she'll
study your thrift;
Your patches she'll look to—nor
trouble she spares;
Your sowing she'll do, and find out the
tares.
What a very, &c.

In October and November my fingers
now launches.
Watch and train up young shoots,
and prune stray branches;
Superfluous leaves lop, and be their
law maker,
And let 'em know how many rods will
go to an acre.
What a very, &c.

December comes last. Nature, she
grieves,
With a wisage of rue, and, like me,
ends her leaves;
And woman at life's close makes a
man oft become,
To be not worth a fig, or else worth a
plum.
What a very, &c.

(James Bruton.)

Oh! the mutton was so raw

Now's your time for mirth and glee.
A supper once was given free—
All was welcome that was willing
For to come and spend a shilling.
For to come &c.
There was plenty of work for your
under jaw.

Rude, crude, rude,—ha, ha, ha,
Because the mutton was so raw,
He, he, he—ha, ha, ha.

It was the fox that gave the feast;
He invited all the guest;
There was Mr. Kelly and the parson
On a roasted pig did fasten.
On a roasted, &c.

A tailor was invited there.
He came too late for his share—
Spent eighteen-pence in half an hour,
Which made the snip look very sour.
Which made, &c.
He swore his bodkin he would draw.
Rude, &c.

On the table stood a pie,
There poor tailor fix'd his eye;
He thought to have a slice all round it;
But the landlord shoved him from it.
But the landlord, &c.
He swore he would eat a jackass raw.
Rude, &c.

Then for the maid theygathered round
Untill it came to half-a-crown;
The mistress she being very witty,
'Zooks,' said she, 'I'll snack with
Betty;'
'Zooks,' said she, &c.
Then on fifteen-pence she claps her
paw.
Rude, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Umbrella courtship.

Air—Barclay and Perkins's Drayman!

A belle and a beau would walking go,
In love they both were pining,
The wind in gentle gales did blow,
An April sun was shining,
Tho' Simon long had courted Miss,
He knew he'd acted wrong in
Not having dared to steal a kiss,
Which set her quite a longing.
Tol ol ol.

It so occurred as they did walk,
And viewed each dale so flow'ry,
As Simon by her side did stalk,
Declared the sky look'd show'ry,
The rain to her came like a drug,
When loudly he did bellow,
"Look here, my love, we can be snug,
I've brought an umbrella."
Tol ol ol.

Quick flew the shelter over Miss,
Now Simon was a droll one,
He thought this was the time to kiss,
So from her lips he stole one,
She blushed—the rain left off, and he
The umbrella closed for draining,
"Oh, don't," says she, "I plainly see,
It hasn't left off raining."
Tol ol ol.

Now Simon, when he smelt the plan,
The umbrella righted.
He grew quite bold, talk'd like a man,
And she seem'd quite delighted.
Their lips wrung chimes full fifty times,
Like simple lovers training,;
Says she, "these are but lovers' crimes,
I hope it won't leave off raining."
Tol ol ol.

He kiss'd her out of her consent
That she'd become his bride; hence
To buy the ring was his intent,
And then to get the license,
They parted, but he took much pains,
Where they should meet to tell her,
Says she, "I'll meet when next it rains,
So bring your umbrella."
Tol, ol, ol.

The wedding morn, no time to waste,
He rose before 'twas yet day,
And just as if to please her taste,—
It was a shocking wet day.
They married were, had children dear,
Eight round-faced little fellows;
But strange to say, the whole of the eight
Were mark'd with umbrellas.

Sequel to the Irish emigrant.

[Music—at Williams's.]

I'm coming back to you, Mary,
Australia's shores, I find,
Can yield no balm to soothe my grief,
Or ease my troubled mind.
Nature smiles in joy, Mary,
And happy forms I see,
With kind and faithful loving hearts—
But all is dark to me.

There's food and labour here, Mary,
And heaven's all bounteous hand
Has shed its gifts on all around,
And bless'd this strangers' land;
But where art thou?—thy voice is still,
Thy form I cannot see!
And death hath dim'd that loving eye, Mary,
That kindly beam'd on me.

Oh! we were happy once, Mary,
Thy voice to heaven arose,
And warbled forth the evening hymn,
To soothe thy babe's repose.
Yes! thou wert beautiful, Mary,
Thy babe was lovely too—
The birds sung sweetly round our cot,
And flowers the brightest grew.

Oh! I was happy then, Mary,
When, after daily toil,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd my heart,
And I saw thy welcome smile;
But cruel want, alas! came there, Mary,
And sickness paled thy brow,
And death has blighted all my joys,
And I am lonely now.

I have cross'd the seas, Mary,
Thy angel spirit's near,
Dost thou not hear me call thy name?
Ah, no! thou canst not hear!
I am kneeling on the turf, Mary,
Where thou dost calmly lie!
I've come to join my babe and thee,
And lay me down, and die.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever:
They seem'd in very being twined
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so, the widow'd ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its bloom away.

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till Fate disturb'd their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops & dies.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Good Saint Anthony.

Saint Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
A large black book he held in his hand;
Never his eyes from its page he took,
With steadfast soul the page he scann'd.
The devil was in the best humour that day
That ever his highness was known to be in;
That's why he sent out his imps to play
With sulphur and tar, and pitch & rosin:
They came to the saint in a motley crew,
Twisted and twirled themselves about,
Imps of every shape and hue,
A devilish strange and rum-looking rout!
But the good Saint Anthony kept his eyes
So firmly fix'd upon his book,
Shouts nor laughter, sighs nor cries,
Could ever win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
In an earthen big-bellied pot sat he;
Through holes at the sides his arms out-shot
Rather a comical to sight see,
He drumm'd on his belly so fair and round,
And drumm'd his belly so round and fair
Brought forth a rumbling, mingled sound,
Rather a comical sound to hear,
And he hoop'd and hawk,d, and wink'd,
As birth to a bit of a song gave he—
Keeping time with the tune as he gallop'd along,
Till his eyes fairly stood out with glee.
But the good, &c

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,
That was both nose and mouth in one;
And he twang'd his nasal melodies out,
In many a quaver, shake and run,
And his head moved backwards and forwards still,
Upon his long and snaky neck—
He sneezed his octaves out, until
You'd think his nose was ready to break,
And close to Saint Anthony's ear he came
And squeak'd and piped his music in—
The shock ran through the good saint's frame
He shook and shivered with the din.
But the good, &c.

An imp came then like a skeleton form,
Just come out of a charnel vault—
His jaws with gristle were black and deform
But his teeth were as white as salt.
He grinn'd full many a lifeless grin,
And wagg'd and rattled his bony tail—
His skull was deck'd with gill and fin,
And his eyes was like the eyes of a snail.
He took his stand at the good saint's back
On tiptoe rum he stood a pace,
And cock'd down his India rubber eyes,
To squint and gaze upon his face—
But the good &c.

Spiders with an ugly guise,
Hung from every creak and neok,
Stared a the saint with their eight eyes,
Dancing a hornpipe on his book.
Beetles, slow worms crawled about,
Forty feet a full span long,—
Through holes in the wainscot mice pop'd out,
And danced out and in an endless throng
A sly old rat, with whisker'd snout,
A toad on his head did squat demure.
There never was seen such an extravagant rout,
From that to the present time, I'm sure.
But the good, &c.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
With horny eyes, just like the dead,
While fish bones grew instead of hair,
Upon his bald and skinless head.
Last came an imp—how unlike the rest—
A lovely looking female form,
And whilst with a kiss his cheek she press'd
Her lips felt downy soft and warm,
As over his shoulders she bent, the light
Of her brilliant eyes upon his page,
Soon fill'd his soul with wild delight
And the good old chap forgot his age.
Hey! the good Saint Anthony boggled his eyes,
So quickly o'er his old black book
Ho! ho! at the corners thay 'gan to rise
And he could'nt choose but have a look.

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout
Devils that go with their tails uncurl'd,
Devils with horns, and devils without,
Serious devils, laughing devils,
Devils black, and devils white,
Devils for churches, devils for revels,
Devils uncouth, and devils polite.
Devils with feathers, and devils with scales
Devils with blue and warty skin—
Devils with claws like iron nails,
Devils with fishes gills and fins.
Devils foolish, devils wise,
Devils great, and devils small—
But a laughing woman with two bright eyes
Is the worsest devil of all.

Mynheer Vandunck.

Mynheer Vandunck, though he ne'er got drunk,
Sipp'd brandy and water gaily;
And he quench'd his thirst with two quarts of the first,
To a pint of the latter daily.
Singing, Oh! that a Dutchman's draught could be
As deep as the rolling Zuyder Zee.

Water well mingled with spirit good store,
No Hollander dreams of scorning;
But of Water alone he drinks no more
Then a rose supplies its bloom on a morning

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Ill-gifted Ring.

Ill gifted ring, how many a vow
Of faith on thee I've sworn;
And blighted hopes are all that now
Thou leavest me to mourn.
This pledge—o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Though given by me in happy years
Comes back to me in grief.

Oh, if from mem'ry far away,
The thought could now be chased
That in my fond affection's day,
Thou on her hand wert placed.
Sad pledge, o'er which such burning tears
Have flowed without relief,
Which given by me in happy years
Comes back to me in grief.

Whate'er my lot in life may be

Whate'er thy lot in life may be,
My heart is wholly thine;
For pilgrim ne'er hath bent a knee
Before a brighter shrine!
With thee, though storms should round us fly,
I henceforth fain would dwell;
No cloud will ever wreck the sky,
Which love cannot dispel.

I feel the pride of honour's laws,
Their charms before me see,
But in their cause my feelings pause,
And hasten back to thee!
With thee, though storms should round us fly,
I henceforth fain would dwell;
No storm will ever wreck the sky
Which love cannot dispel

The English Girl.

She laughs and runs, a cherub thing,
And proud is the doating sire,
To see her pluck the buds of spring,
Or play by the winter's fire.
Her golden hair falls thick and fair,
In many a wavy curl,
And freshy sleek is the ruddy cheek
Of the infant English girl.
Of the infant, &c.

The years steal on and day by day
Her native charms expand,
Her round face meets the sunny ray,
Like the rose on her own blest land.
There's music in her laughing tone,
A dark shade on the curl,
And beauty makes her chosen throne
On the brow of the English girl.
On the brow, &c.

She's standing now a happy bride,
By the holy altar rail,
While the sacred blush of maiden pride
Gives a tinge to the snowy veil.
Her eye of light—the diamond bright,
Her innocence—the pearl,
And these are ever the bridal gems
That are worn by an English girl.
That are worn, &c.

Happy Moments.

In happy moments, day by day,
The sands of life may pass,
In swift, but tranquil tide, away,
From time's unerring glass;
Yet hopes we used as bright to deem
Remembrance will recall,
Whose pure, and whose unfading beam,
Is dearer than them all.

Though anxious eyes upon us gaze,
And hearts with fondness beat,
Whose smile upon each feature plays
With truthfulness replete;
Some thoughts none others can replace,
Remembrance will recall;
Which, in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all.

Come to the Old Oak Tree.

Come to the old oak tree,
By the light of the pale moon's glance,
Come with a footstep free,
And join the gipsy dance.
Around us, above us,
Here melody floats,
And the lasses that love us,
Repeat the soft notes.
Then come, &c.

Here's spring with its early leaves
And summer with all its flowers,
Here earth and its beauties wave,
O'er fair nature's bowers;
Storm clouds are darkening.
The haunt of the free,
But all here are sparkling
In beauty for thee.
Then come, &c.

I am thine, only thine.

In the heart's early dream,
In those fond days of youth,
When we are what we seem,
And when love is all truth;
Oh, how oft hast thou sighed,
"Thou wert mine, only mine,"
To a soul that replied,
"I am thine, only thine!"

When those days passed away,
Still they left the delight
Of beholding their ray
As intense and as bright,
As when first thy lips sighed,
"Thou wert mine, only mine!"
To a soul that replied
"I am thine, only thine."

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

I love thee, ah! how well.

Sung by Jetty Treffz.

Why from these looks so fond, my love
Why turn with frowns away
Why cruel still? respond, my love
Nor all my hopes betray.
For I have loved thee dearly long—
Still love thee tenderly;
Ah! yet all joy's for ever gone,
For ne'er thou think'st of me
Ah! yet all joy's, &c.
At night, when all the world's at rest
Wakeful and sad am I;
What thoughts of sorrow tear my breast,
What grief is ever nigh.
Slow flies the time, the clock I hear
Strike one, and two, and three
As yet, no hope my heart can cheer,
For ne'er thou think'st of me.
As yet, no hope, &c.
Read in my face those sorrows deep,
Which love writes every day,
And in my mind will vigil keep
To snatch all rest away.
It was a fatal day, alas!
When I those charms did see,
For ah! the thought will never pass—
Thou hast no love for me.
For, ah! the thought, &c.
Then, wilt thou no fond looks bestow
On one who loves so well?
Then let me die, and cease to know
The pain of this fond spell;
And when I'm in my grave enshrined,
You'll weep, and feel for me,
For ne'er in this wide world you'll find
Who loves as I love thee!
For ne'er in this, &c.

O ask me not to tell the charm.

Oh, ask me not to tell the charms that won my roving heart;
I'll try, though language still must fail her beauties to impart;
Her eyes were blue, and every glance world of love express'd,
And told you more than warmest words have ever yet confess'd.

Her voice, whene'er she spoke or sung, you could not well persuade,
Of those who listen'd, which it was the sweetest music made.
Her rosy lips you'd love to kiss, but then you'd pause awhile,
Because a kiss would interrupt the sweetness of her smile.

And then the even pearly teeth her smiling would disclose,
While in her cheeks together bloom'd the lily and the rose.
Her form, nor low, nor yet too tall—and free from ev'ry art,
Was just enough to take and press her fair face 'gainst my heart.

When Cavaliers shall bear the sway.

When Cavaliers shall bear the sway,
And Roundhead days are waning,
I'll turn my coat, and do as they—
Uphold the power of reigning.
For if 'tis fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
He'll get together all he can,
And when he's got it keep it.

Let fools of independence prate,
In politics most dreaded,
One's conscience is the thing to hate,
If through it you're beheaded.
For 'tis but fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
If gone his head, he never can
Get anything—nor keep it.

Let change of ministry arise,
Which can't be long retarded
My views, so liberal and wise,
Ought then to be *rewarded*.
For since 'tis fair an honest man
But as he sows may reap it,
He'll get a place, whene'er he can,
And show 'em how—to keep it.

Farewell I cannot think of thee.

Farewell, I cannot think of thee,
And check the fallen tear;
From love my heart henceforth I'll free,
With ev'ry doubt and fear.
I weep not at the wreaking wind
Nor dread the stormy sea,
Though both may prove untrue, unkind,
They're not so false as thee.

The sea runs high—the ship dips low,
The wild waves overwhelm,
The crew are lash'd above—below,
The helmsman to the helm.
Rage on, rage on, thou wreaking wind!
Roll on thou stormy sea!
Ye cannot be more false, unkind,
Than love hath been to me.

Home of my heart.

I breathe once more my native air,
And hail each happy scene
That rises round me ev'rywhere,
As though I left but yester-e'en:
Oh! how I love thee, Erin, dear!
When roaming, on a foreign strand,
In fancy, still my steps were here,
Home of my heart! my native land!
In fancy, still, &c.

I've found the hours so fondly sought,
And weep, but these are joyous tears,
The rapture of a moment bought
By long and weary absent years.
Oh! how I love, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

A young lady's "No!"

What! ask me at once, and for ever,
To quit the loved home of my youth,
To sever the fond ties of kindred,
And trust to your love and your truth!
Perhaps, never more to revisit
The haunts of my happiest years;
Or those whose kind friendship has cheer'd me,
When sorrow has wakened my tears.
I'll try, when a few years pass over,
Wherever you wish me to go;
But old ties so sweetly enthrall me,
That now I can only say "No!"

Oh! start not away in such anger,
Nor call me inconstant, unkind;
And leave me not just at this moment,
For scarcely I know my own mind.
I wish not to fail in my promise,
To banish for you each regret,
To leave the sweet scenes of my childhood,
That never my heart can forget.
I would not, if possible, grieve you;
My feelings, perhaps, you may guess;
O'erwhelm'd by contending affections,
I said "No"—but I think I meant,
"Yes!"

The poor little maid.

[Music at Duncombe and Moon's.]

When a poor little maid feels her senses astray,
Cannot sleep on her pillow, or rest all the day,
Sees a form still pursue her, do all she can,
And this form bears the shape of a handsome young man,
Sly neighbours will whisper, 'Oh, dear, lack-a-day,
The poor little maid's in a very sad way.'
Sly neighbours, &c.

When of all her old friends she begins to grow shy,
When she speaks very seldom, and speaks with a sigh;
When, tho' witty or wise, she appears like a dunce,
And folks wonder what's come to the girl all at once,
Sly neighbours, &c.

But oh, when the wedding ring with her unites
This handsome young man, in love's blissful delights,
She enchants all her friends, laughs away all her sighs,
Seems no longer a dunce, but more witty and wise.
Sly neighbours then whisper, 'How changed since the day
She appear'd to us all in a very bad way.'

The queer little man.

[Music at Ransford's.]

A very little man, very 'how came you so,'
Went home on a dingy night;
It was past twelve o'clock. He'd a long way to go,
And he walked like a crab, left and right.
At the corner of a lane, quite a lonely retreat,
He saw something tall and as white as a sheet;
He shook and he shivered,
His teeth chattered, and lips quivered,
And with fear as well as fuddling, he stagger'd to and fro,
This queer little man who'd a great way to go.

This queer little man then fell on his knees,
With fright you'll suppose half dead:
And as on it he looked, it o'ertopped the trees,
And had two scaucer eyes in its head.
When a very deathlike voice said, in a very drear tone,
'With me you must go, for your grave's nearly done,'
He shook and he shivered, [ered.
His teeth chattered, and lips quiv-
Then he cried, 'Oh, good hobgoblin, I pray your mercy show
To a queer little man who's a long way to go.

The queer little man he fell flat as a flail.
A great explosion heard he;
And jumped up in a crack, for a cracker at his tail
Set him capering just like a parched pea.
From around the goblin's head burst some long streams of fire,
And the cracker once spent, left him sprawling in the mire.
Some wags ('twas a wacker)
Thus, with turnip, squib, and cracker,
Cured, through fear of all his fuddling, completely, you must know,
This queer little man who'd a long way to go.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

Mr. Solomon Leary.

Mister Leary slipp'd into this world at Killarney,
The place of all others for beauty and blarney;
He soon found his mother, but found it was rather
A hard task for babies to know their own father.
Father O'Leary,
Sweet pretty deary,
Its a wise child that knows his papa, Mister Leary.

He'd a red nose, red hair, brawney limbs, and a clear eye,
Which squinted a bit, so they cristened him Leary,
But the boys call'd him Solomon, which was no joke,
For merry and wise were the first words he spoke,
Master Leary, Leary,
Lisping young Leary,
He was merry and wise, Master Solomon Leary,

Growing up, he made love to Miss Hester Molloy,
The *virgin* mama of a very fine boy,
And he fain would have kiss'd, but she cried, 'go, you joker,
Sure the child that's once burnt always dreads a hot poker.
O'Leary, Leary,
Go, you sweet deary,
The burnt child dreads the fire. Mr. Solomon Leary.'

Then he fill'd up a bumper, and leer'd at Miss Hester,
He toasted her charms, while he tenderly press'd her;
Till a press-gang press'd him, all on board a king's ship.
O, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
Poor Leary, Leary,
He look'd very queery,
As he slipp'd both the cup and the lip, poor Leary.

Having lost both his liquor and lass, our nate dandy
Fell deeply in love with the captain's nate brandy;
Till caught at a bung-hole—they show'd him no quarter—
O, the pitcher might go once too oft to the water.
O'Leary, Leary,
Look'd wretched and dreary.
For the pitcher was broke, Mr. Solomon Leary.

Then they put him in chains, and condem'd him beside,
And up to the yard-arm his wizen they tied,
But the rope broke, and into the water he bounded.
Sure he that was born to be hang'd can't be drownded.
O'Leary, Leary,
Swim to your deary,
He that's born to be hang'd can't be drownded, Mister Learv.

I've watch'd with thee.

I've watch'd with thee the dayligh stealing
O'er the gloomy shades of night;
And felt, whilst earth appear'd revealing
His beauties to the holy light,
That thou unto my soul wert gladness,
The life that made life—life to me,
That chas'd away each cloud of sadness,
And showed how bright this world might be.

I've watch'd alone whilst night was throwing
Her dusky mantle o'er the skies;
Hiding beneath it deep, dark flowing,
The lustre of her starry eyes;
And thought, if thou wert near to cheer me,
These brighter orbs had made it stay;
For such the spell when thou art near me
That joy and light ne'er pass away.

The happiest time is now.

Talk not to me of future bliss!
Talk not to me of joys gone by!
For us the happiest hour is this,
When love bids time to fly.
The future—doubt may overcast,
To shadow Hope's young brow;
Oblivion's veil may shroud the past;
The happiest time is now.

Though flowers in spicy vases thrown,
Some odour yet exhale;
Their fragrance, ere the bloom was flown,
Breathed sweeter on the gale.
Like faded flowers, each parted bliss
Let memory keep; but how
Can joy that's passed be like to this?
The happiest time is now.

Unmark'd our course before us lies
O'er Time's eternal tide;
And soon the sparkling ripple dies
We raise as on we glide.
Our barks the brightest bubble fling
For ever from their prow;
Then let us sail and gaily sing,
"The happiest time is now."